

Moustache

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Moustache

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Will has a sudden and unexpected reaction to Hannibal's facial hair.

Notes

Inspired by the filming pics of Mads in Polar

MOUSTACHE



It had started earlier that day when they walked through the small, cold and isolated Canadian town.

No... maybe it had started before then?

Yes, it had started on the bluff when they had clung to each other.

But then everything had happened. The water and the escape. The healing. And now they were laying low in the wilds of Canada, waiting for winter to end so they could... do something else.

Go somewhere else.

Together? Maybe. They hadn't really discussed it. They hadn't discussed much of anything and Will certainly hadn't discussed the turmoil of emotions that coursed through him daily since...

No. Since before the fall. Since they fucking met.

He had never felt this close to anyone in his life and he didn't know what to do with those emotions... which might have been obvious from his plunging them off a cliff.

But today...

They had been stood in the street, about to get back in their car after getting some groceries and... Maybe the light caught him at the right angle? Maybe the remnants of Will's heterosexuality decided that moment was the time it would finally give up and leave him?

That moment that he really looked at Hannibal and truly saw what he had become in their months in the frozen landscape.

He had become... mustachioed.

Will tried to ignore it, shrugging off Hannibal's questioning glance when his gaze lingered too long as they got in the car. Giving nothing but salty replies the rest of the day.

How was it so hot? Was it seeing the man seem so much softer and less put together? Still neat but not polished in that same way? He didn't know. That moustache had no right to be hot at all. And yet...

When Hannibal fell asleep on the couch after dinner that evening, Will couldn't help himself. The man was stretched out, his long legs taking up the length of the sofa, as he breathed gently with his forgotten book laid out on his chest.

Will chewed on his lower lip as he moved from the armchair and to Hannibal's side.

Just... just this once. Whilst he was sleeping. He just had to... because that fucking moustache was driving him insane and he knew he could not possibly go on like this.

Will dropped quietly to his knees and leaned over Hannibal, trying to control his breathing as he moved in. He let his lips ghost over the furred top lip before holding his breath and pressing his mouth to Hannibal's. He stifled the groan at feeling their stubble and hair scratch together.

He wondered what it would be like to feel the burn of that moustache all over his body.

Will was so caught up in that thought that he didn't even realise for the first moment that Hannibal was kissing him back.

He stopped breathing, his heart stopped beating and he sat back on his heels.

Hannibal sported a shit eating grin that seemed to scream - *I told you so!*

"Mmm, Will, I-"

"Don't say a fucking word Hannibal or I'm walking out that door." Will snapped. Not sure if he was angry at Hannibal, himself, or his rapidly deserting identity as a straight man.

Hannibal bunched his fists in Will's shirt and pulled him back to him with no resistance.

The moustache. The fucking moustache. That was where he needed to aim his anger... and his lips... and tongue... and...

Oh fuck. He really did love that fucking moustache.

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